Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks,
Rom. Is ſhe a *Catulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. VVhats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iuli. VVhats he that follows here that would not dance?
Nurſ. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iul. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. VVhats tis? whats tis?

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.
Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would die,
VVith tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe, & on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime and I am ſatisfied:
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,